Why sit'st thou by that ruined wall, Thou aged carle, so stern and gray? Dost thou its former pride recall, Or ponder how it passed away?

Know'st thou not me? the deep voice cried, So long enjayed, so oft misused— Alternate in thy fields pride, Desired, neglected and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax, Man and his marvels pass away; And changing empires wane and wax, Are founded, flourish and decay

Redeem mine hours-the space is brief-While in my glass the sand grains shiver, And measureless the joy or crief. When time and thou shall part forever. -The Antiquary

THE DIVINING HORSE.

BY AURELIEN SCHOLL,

The Count X--- has in his stables six horses of all styles of beauty, and beside them, in a stall which touches the wall, stands an old horse covered with scars and with great callouses upon his knees. This frightful specimen of the equine race is treated like a son

of the family, and is caressed and cherished. They make him a soft bed; they serve him with hay from the Maison Dorce and oats from Bignon's. They exercise him every morning for a short time, and when it is ever so slightly cold or foggy they cover him with a warm blanket. He lives like one who is enjoying his revenue.
"Where the devil did you find that horse!"

asked a friend one morning while they were harnessing the break.

"It is a very simple story," answered "In the most delorous circumstance of my life this animal was the only being who could understand me. In a voyage to Italy I had encountered at Capri a woman for whom I conceived a grand passion, or, more truly, the only passion that ever invaded my heart. She was either English or American, and I was destined never to see her again. Remembrance tortured me. I paced the streets of Paris, in all the senses of the word, in order to forget her or distract my mind. I had but one image in my heart, one name upon my lips. My friends, whom my melancholy saddened, drew away one by one, and when one day I wanted to confide in one, and I named to him my mysterious passion, he began to laugh, saying that those sentiments were not for our days. I quit him brusquely and recommenced my vaga-

"Last New Year's day, re-entering Paris, I heard the rolling of a drum. A saltimbanque was gathering a crowd and a clown was ranging them in a circle. I pushed my way to the first row of the crowd.

"By the side of the drum stood a horse curiously accoutered. On his head was a bunch of three colored feathers, faded and stringy, and on his back a mantle, once red but now a dull brick color, and with fringe which may have been gilded the first year of Duquesnel's direction of the Odeon.

Thin and rough of coat, trembling on his legs, the poor animal contemplated the crowd with an air of sad resignation.



THE DIVINING HORSE

"Evidently he was hungry, and death alone could put an end to his sufferings. "The clown blew a trumpet, while the other man continued to beat the drum. "The music ceased at last and the clow:

commenced his harangue, "This horse, ladies and gentlemen, is the one which bore the duke of Orleans the day of the execution of Louis XVI Later be became the intimate friend of Robespierre's pack mule. This horse, pupil of Mile. Lenormand, can count up to a hundred, only we stop him at twelve, so as not to tire the pub-He divines the character, the faults and the good qualities of the spectators. The price of the consultation is fixed at ten

"The old rack-o'-bones on four legs designated successively the most lazy person, the most gluttonous and the most obstinate.

"'Now, gentlemen,' added the clown, 'this surprising animal will designate the person of you all who is most in love. He fixes no price for that exercise and relies upon the generosity of the public.'

"A few pennies fell upon the carpet and the horse made the circuit of the crowd twice, looking each one in the eyes and having a reflective air. Then he seemed to take his resolution and came straight to me and took his stand before me.

"Is it this young lady? asked the clown, pointing to a pretty little washerwoman, who blushed as red as a cherry

"The borse shook his head for a negative



THE MAN MOST IN LOVE. "It is this gentleman, then " asked the clown, and from head to foot the horse angwered Yes.

"The idiotic crowd began to laugh, while the girls looked at me with maschievous

glances of sympathy.
"I caressed the old horse, I offered him even a fat gingerbroad man, and slowly withdrew. The poor beast threw me a melancholy look and went on to another part of the crowd to continue his business of saltim-

"It was not until night, in a feverish in

somula, that a feet henry, One to bad wale met one alone; and I had let that friend de-part forever. Peer animal! Artist of the With what sympathetic attention be

had looked at me! "And I dreamed that I went back to Capri, guided by that old borse. How he had tra-versed the gulf-of-Raples is not explained, but he was there with me, searching for the unknown

"And the next day I hastened to the Place of the Throne. I found the saltimbanque and proposed that he should sell me his horse. At first he rejected my proposition. That horse supported three persons; they would have to teach another, and it would take too long, etc.

"At last, however, the saltimbanque concented to cede him in exchange for a second hand merry-go-round, which happened to be for sale on account of death.

"I brought my friend proudly home; proudly, though at a walk and behind a cab. He has seen hard times, no doubt, during his long career, but I give him a happy old age, and he shall sleep in his luxury affectionately watched by him whom he alone could under-

CHRISTMAS PAST

BY WALTER HOGE Written for the Christmas COURTER.

"Mama, did Santa Taus ever bring you such nice fings, when you was a ittle diel?" It was the closing of Christmas day and as the shadows began to merge into gloom in a cozy cottage not far from the University, blue eyed Jessie crept into her mother's arms as she sat by the cheerful fire. That had been an eventful day to the little maiden. The time dear to the heart of childhood through though to them there was no sacred joy to all the wide realm where the Christ child's ballow it. They sank in drunken stupor on blessed sway is acknowleged, had brought her of happiness and then pleasant companions during the day to help her enjoy these, had made that cup of happiness to overflow.

rms and asked.

"Mama, did Santa Taus ever bring you such nice fings when you was a ittle dirl?" The mother drew the child closer but did not then said with an oath, "Why isn't dinner mund," instead of Mme. Fursch-Madi, as an-Her thoughts were busy with the Peady? The woman on the bed shivered, nounced. Her voice is an exquisite contraito,

come too often. He came and lett his crop half tended. He caree, and the few scattered nubbins of corn hung on the stanted stalks in the field. He game as the winter winds began to whistle, and there was no wood by his cabin door. He came on Christmas Eve, and with a few boon companions they saw through bleary eyes the happy Christmas day come in innumerable, including a precious dolly half some chance comer in drinking a pledge to with a happy heart she nestled in those loving with a sense of fear shrank into a dark corner, He entered the room. The mother lay upon He stood and gazed around a moment and Poole took the part c. "Ortrud, wife of Teira-

but in one the few scattered settlers from the

sucrounding country had an opportunity to

gather and tell stories and setisfy their cray-

ing for strong drink. Hither had the owner

of the little cabin seroes the knoll learned to

THE GREAT MUSICAL EVENT.

National Opera Company in "Lohengrin" at Funke's Wednesday Eve.

Among the great composers of modern

times, Richard Wagner stands pre-eminent as the originator of a new school or class of music, and while "funnhauser" is generally acknowledged to be his masterpiece, grin" is by many esteemed but little less in dramatic power and interest. The music lov ing people of Lincoln had the rare opportunity Wednesday evening of seeing this latter the floor and not till the day was far advanced opera presented in a style befitting the thems many pleasures. Candies and nuts and toys did they rous and then only to join anew with and the author by a world-famous company The principal artists displayed both music as large as herself had filled her small measure | Christmas. At a late hour in the afternoon a | al and dramatic power, while the choruses man with staggering gait and frenzied brain showed efficient training. Miss Bertha Pierhad left the saloon and slowly made his way son possesses an exquattely sweet soprano to the desolate cottage. The hollow eyed child voice, a little marred by an otherwise charm-Now at the close of the day, weary but looking from the window saw him coming and tag lisp, as well as a delightful stage presence Frank Verta as "King Henry," and William Merton as the "Herald," enunciated with betthe bed, half covered with the ragged quilt. | ter effect than any of the others. Miss Clara

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

How to Make the Holiday Cake-A Useful

Christmas Giff-Practical Hints. The Christmas fruit cake should be made in good season, for every one knows that it is not at its best when fresh. Following is a recipe by which an old housewife has concocted her holiday cake for many years past: One pound each of flour, sugar and butter, two pounds of raisins, two pounds c' currants, one pound of citron, twelve eggs, four nutmegs, two tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon, mace and alispice and one-half tablespoonful of cloves; one bulf tencupful of molasses, two glasses of brandy, one of wine and one of rose water.

Pick the currants clean, wash them and drain through a colander; then wipe them in a towel, sprend them out and set them to dry in the sun or by a fire. Stone the raisins and cut them in halves; sprinkle both currants and raisins with the flour to prevent their sinking to the bottom of the cake. Cut the citron in slices and put it in the liquor. the butter into the sugar, warm it and stir to a cream. Beat the eggs as light as possible and add them to the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Add the remaining ingredients gradually and stir all as bard as possible for ten minutes. Cover the baking pan with white paper well buttered, and bake between three and four hours.

Home Made Chai: Bottoms.

An experienced howewife tells how to replace the worn out bottoms of chairs with a substitute which she says is nice and durable; Take strong, heavy wrapping paper, cut out just the form that you desire, and with a firm paste stick six thicknesses of the paper together, making a thick pasteboard. Trim the edges smooth like the pattern you cut and with round headed tacks nail it to the frame. After it is well dried varnish it and you have a neat, strong seat to the chair with littletrouble or expense.

A Troublesome Lamp Wick.

Sometimes the lamp wick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

A Firm Cement for Lamp Tops.

Lamp tops are commonly fastened on with plaster of Paris Kerosene oil will penetrate this, and it frequently happens that the lamp-top becomes loose and finally comes off. A cement which is said not to be affected by kerosene or water has been recommended for this purpose. It consists of three parts rosin, one part caustic soda and five parts water; this composition to be mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. It will set in about three-fourths of an hour.

Pulled Bread.

Pulled bread is not a common edible on: American tables, but is pronounced delicious. by people who have tried it. It is to be eaten with cheese. Take a loat of freshly madebread, and while it is yet warm pull the inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand and smaller. Put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut.

The Chinese Primrose

Few house plants are as satisfactory as the Chinese primrose. It must be kept cool, and thrives best in a north window. In watering it care should be taken to keep the buds dry, otherwise they will rot. Plants that have been started from seed in June and properly cared for will come into bloom in Dec and continue through the winter

The Vienna Bread of This Country.

The unlikeness of much so called Vienna bread made in this country to the original article has been recently explained by the assertion that the Hungarian flour, of which the famous genuine bread is made, contains about 17 per cent, more of gluten than does a great deal of the flour of our country.

Removing Rust from Steel.

Sweet oil will sometimes remove rust frems steel, and kerosene is even better. When an article is deeply rusted it may be necessary to remove the rust by mechanical means, such as rubbing with fine emery powder and oil or with fine emery paper,

The Care of Japanned Goods.

Boiling water should not be poured on japanned goods, such as tea trays, etc., for it will crack the varnish. Wash with warm water, a soft sponge and a very little soap. Sweet oil will sometimes take out marks made by hot things.

Feather Cake.

For feather cake use two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one tenspoonful cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake rather slowly.

Cranberry Sauce.

One quart of cranberries, one pound of granulated sugar, one-half pint of cold water. Boil fifteen minutes,

A Useful and Ornamental Gift.

Among articles suitable for a Christmas gift to a gentleman is suggested a newspaper rack, modeled after one which Modern Priscilla illustrates by the following cut. Almost any man prefers a gift that contributes in some way to his comfort and convenience. This holder for papers and magazines will be liked by many better than a wall pocket, as it holds a larger quantity, and in looking for back numbers the papers can be easily run over. It is also a decorative object in a room.



A NEWSPAPER HOLDER.

The frame is made like an inverted saw horse, but should be rather small and light in order that it may not look cumbersome. It is finished very smoothly and then receives two coats of black paint that can be bought ready mixed. Inside the frame are placed two thin boards or pieces of very thick card board covered plush, felt or cretonno in any dark shade. These make a stiff back for the papers. An ornamental scarf, made long enough to hang over the top, after having been laid on inside, gives a very attractive finish to the whole

Janus am I: oldest of restentates:
Forward I look and hereway is and below
I count—as god of avenues acad gates—
The years that through my portals come and go—Lougfellow.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

A Tiara for the Pope. The famous tiara from the Parisian clergy and faithful laity is the great attraction at the pope's jubilee. It is made of hand embroidered cloth of silver, on which rest the triple crowns, composed of 600 jewels-emeralds, sapphires, rubies and diamonds. The pendants are jeweled and embroidered with the papal arms, each terminating with three golden tassels. The tiara is contained in a gorgeous white leather easket, adorned with enamel plaques ornamented with the arms and seals of the givers. Gifts from the Orleans family are especially handsome, the most interesting, however, being a silver statuette of Joan of Arc, the work of Princess Marie of Orleans, now Princess Waldsmar. Among all these gorgeons offerings a touching contrast is afforded by the humble contributions from poor Catholies. Thus one sends a supply of night lights, and a poor old woman and her crippled daughter offer a woolen petticoat.—Chicago News.

Money I'nt Into Circulation.

The statistician has been figuring upon th probable amount of money put into circuis tion by Mrs. James Brown Potter's debut be fore a New York audience, and foots it me at about \$40,000. The receipts of the bouse were a little over \$13,000. Of the 2,500 people 70. came to the theatre in hired carriages at & each, making \$3,500 additional. More than half of these went to the Brunswick or D. monico's afterward, at an expensiture of \$7,500. Fully \$5,000 more, he thinks were spent by men between the acta

Twenty years ago tonight! household duties but frequently sank down on the bed as if unable to stand. The little girl it was more than temporary weakness that affected that fragile form, though the patient lips made no complaint. She herself was weak and hungry. A few crusts of bread was there was nothing more in the house. Her tattered clothes did not protect her shivering form from the biting blasts that came through cracks and unplastered walls. The mother said that this was Christmastlay, but little of brightness or happiness did that suggest to the child. She simply thought that she was hun-

gry and cold and that mama was sick.
Half a mile away behind a swelling knoll of the snow covered prairie was a little cluster of houses. Most of them were rule and small,

house contained but the scantiest furniture, a more terrible shadow gathering on that white was stove fed by a few cobs and chips that had side her mother and putting her arms around a very good one, and besides being a been dug out from under the snow. The pale that slender neck the little one sank down and fashionable audience, was a representative faced mother went wearily about her few soon found in sleep forgetfulness for the sor-one. Many Germans, not theatre-goers in row of childhood. An hourier so later she was the accepted sense of the word, were present wak of by the father who had returned sobered and drank in the beauties of their greatest with intelligence prematurely sharpened knew by his former brutal act, but the form beside operatic composer, Richard Wagner. The her was cold and still. The mother, sick and satisfaction expressed by all present amply starving and with a broken heart, had died attest the favor in which the performance is

clasping her sleeping child in her arms. It was the Christmas night of long ago that sat by the fire chaping her darling to her my heart, and lifted a silent prayer to the Christchild now enthroned beside the loving Father | poser, on high, that her child might never have to look back to such on unhappy Christmas night.

Lincoln lilustrated.

We have about 100 copies of this work for sale at the regular price at this office.

past. They ranged over the small joys of her childhood, then seemed to concentrate on one bitter, fateful day.

half raised on her elbow and said, "There is pure and sweet, and, though she had but little opportunity to show its power, with the possible exception of the second act, she won band jorked her to the floor. The little girl many friends. Elol Syiva as "Lohengrin Ah, how well she remembered it. She was rushed forward and was herself smitten down Knight of the Holy Grail," carried his part just Jessie's age then but the memory of that by the father's hand. As if ashamed, he then most acceptably, though his tenor is not so time came back with the force of actual press turned and went out and gazing after him powerful as it once was. William Ludwig. ence. It showed the little one room but, on a through the little window the child saw him as "Count Telramund," was, in the opinion of wide almost desolate prairie. Snow covered going toward the village. With many endear-many, the best vocalist as well as the best the earth. A leaden sky bung above and a ling words and caresses the little one comforted actor in the company. He carried himself chilling wind blew fitfully. In a shed half her mether and at length got her back into with much graceful case, and sang with such covered with coarse grass two bony horses bed. The shadows of night were beginning to feeling and expression that the general verdict were shivering by their empty mangers. The fall but the loving eyes saw a stranger and was that a more charming villian there never rude bed, a table, a chair or two and an old and patient face. Tenderly creeging in be- The house, although not entirely filled, was

Much is due to Manager Funke for the enall she had eaten that day and she knew that the mother of little Jessie thought of as she terrorise displayed in securing such a company for Lincoln and the opportunity given for hearing the best music of the great com-

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